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"Prompt to improve and to invite,
"We blend instruction with delight."—POPE.

POPULAR TALES.

"To virtue if these Tales persuade,
"Our pleasing toil is well repaid."

Katherine Grey.

The really affecting history of Katherine Grey and her husband, the Earl of Hertford, forms the tale to which her name is assigned. Queen Elizabeth is here described to be enamoured of the Earl: and after the discovery of his connexion with Katherine, her jealousy vents itself in confining them to separate apartments in the Tower. We pass over the imaginary interview between the queen and Katherine, and shall commence our extracts with the resolution taken by Elizabeth, who is supposed to be residing in the Tower at the time, to visit Seymour, at the moment when the lieutenant of that fortress has permitted his prisoners to meet, notwithstanding her Majesty's express commands to the contrary.—*Albion.*

"The blood faded from Warner's cheek, his knees knocked against each other, and so violent was the agitation of his whole frame, that he was for some time unable to utter a syllable in reply to the queen's address.

"How now, Master Lieutenant!" asked Elizabeth; "what means this? My resolution is, perhaps, a somewhat singular one: but surely there is nothing in it so appalling that it should banish the blood from your cheek, and prevent your limbs from performing their functions. Lead on, I say —."

"Gracious Madam!" said Warner, "pause a moment ere you take this step."

"Not an instant, Sir Edward," said the queen. "How! do you dispute the commands of your sovereign?"

"Then, most dread sovereign," said the lieutenant, seeing that it was impossible to preserve his secret, and throwing himself at the queen's feet, "pardon, pardon, for the most guilty of your majesty's subjects."

"Ha!" said the queen, using the favorite interjection of her father, while his own proud spirit flashed in her kindled eye, and lowered in her darkened brow; "what dost thou mean?"

"The Earl of Hertford is not in his dungeon."

"What, escaped! Traitor—slave—hast thou suffered him to escape?"

Warner grovelled on the ground in the most abject posture at the queen's feet, and his frame trembled in every fibre as he said "He is in the Lady Katherine's apartment."

"What, ho there!" shouted the queen as the white foam gathered on her lip, and her own frame became agitated, though not with fear, but with uncontrollable anger. "Guards, seize the traitor!"

"Several yeomen of the guards immediately entered the apartment, and seized the lieutenant of the Tower, binding his arms behind him, but not depriving him of his weapons. The queen, acting on the impulse of the moment, commanded one of the guards to conduct her to the dungeon of the Lady Katherine Grey, and ordered the others to follow her with Sir Edward Warner in their custody. Anger, hatred, fear, jealousy, all lent wings to her steps. The dungeon door was soon before her; the bolts were withdrawn, and with little of the appearance of a queen in her gait and gestures, excepting that majesty which belongs to the expression of highly wrought feelings, she rushed into the dungeon, and found Katherine Grey in the arms of Hertford, who was kissing away the tears that had gathered on her cheek.

"Seize him—away with him to instant execution!" said the queen.

The guards gazed for a moment wistfully on each other, and seemed as if they did not understand the command.

"Seize him! I say," exclaimed the queen. "I have myself taken the precaution to be present, that I may be assured that he is in your custody, and led away to the death that he has taken so much pains to merit."

The guards immediately surrounded the Earl, but they yet paused a moment ere they led him out of the dungeon, when they saw the Lady Katherine throw herself on her knees before Elizabeth, and seize the skirt of her robe.

"Have pity, pity, gracious queen!" she cried, "have pity!"

"Away, minion!" said the queen; "he had no pity on himself when he ventured to break prison, even in the precincts of our royal palace. His doom is fixed."

"Not yet, great queen, not yet!" said Katherine, still grasping Elizabeth's robe. "Can naught save him?"

"Naught, save my death," said the queen; and then she added in an under tone, which she did not seem to intend should be audible, while a dark smile played on her lip, "or perchance thine."

Katherine's ear caught the last part of the queen's sentence, and with the quickness of lightning she exclaimed, "thy death or mine,

O queen! then thus," she added, plucking from the belt of Sir Edward Warner, who stood by her side with his hands bound behind him, a dagger, and brandishing it aloft, "thus may his life be spared!"

"A cry of 'treason! treason!' pervaded the dungeon, and the guards advanced between Katherine and the queen, whose life she seemed to threaten, but ere they could wrest the dagger from her hand, she had buried it in her own bosom.

"Now, now do I claim thy promise, O queen!" she said as she sunk to the earth, while the blood poured in a torrent from her wound "Katherine Grey no longer disturbs thee—spare the life of the princely Seymour."

"Her last breath was spent on these words—her last gaze was fixed upon the queen—and pressing the hand of her husband, who was permitted to approach her, in her dying grasp, the spirit of Katherine Grey was released from all its sorrows.

"The sacrifice of the unhappy lady's life preserved that for which it had been offered up. The queen touched with the melancholy termination of her kinswoman's existence, revoked the despotic and illegal order which she had given for the execution of Hertford, but ordered him to be conducted back to his dungeon where he remained in close custody for a period of more than nine years. The death of Elizabeth at the expiration of that period released him from his captivity; and then, although he was unable to restore the lady Katherine to life, he took immediate steps to re-establish her fair fame. In these efforts he was perfectly successful, he proved before the proper tribunals the validity of his marriage, and transmitted his inheritance to his son, who was the issue of that ill-fated union."

The Long Pack.

In the year 1723, Col. Ridley returned from India, with what in those days, was accounted an immense fortune, and retired to a country seat on the banks of North Tyne, in Northumberland.—The house was rebuilt and furnished with every thing elegant and costly; and among others, a service of plate supposed to be worth £1,000.—He went to London annually with his family, during a few of the winter months, and at these times there were but few left at his country house.—At the time we treat of, there were only three domestics remained there; a maid servant, whose name was Alice, kept the house, and there were besides an old man and a boy, the one threshed the corn, and the other took care of some cattle, for the two ploughmen were boarded in houses of their own.

One afternoon, as Alice was sitting spinning some yarn for a pair of stockings for herself, a pedlar entered the hall with a comical pack on his back. Alice had seen as long a pack, and as broad a pack; but a pack equally long,

broad and thick, she declared she never saw. It was about the middle of winter, when the days were short, the nights cold, long and wearisome.—The pedlar was a handsome, well dressed man, and very likely to be a very agreeable companion for such a maid as Alice, on such a night as that; yet Alice declared that from the very first she did not like him greatly, and though he introduced himself with a little ribaldry, and a great deal of flattery interlarded, yet when he came to ask for a night's lodging, he met with a peremptory refusal; he jested on the subject, said he believed she was in the right, for that it would scarcely be safe to trust him under the same roof with such a sweet and beautiful creature.—Alice was an old maid and any thing but beautiful. He then took her on his knee, caressed and kissed her, but all would not do. "No, she would not consent to his staying there." "But are you really going to put me away to-night?" "Yes."—"Indeed my dear girl, you must not be so unreasonable; I am come straight from Newcastle, where I have been purchasing a fresh stock of goods, which are so heavy, that I cannot travel far with them, and as the people around are all of the poorest sort, I will rather make you a present of the finest shawl in my pack, before I go farther." At the mentioning of the shawl, the picture of deliberation was portrayed in lively colors on Alice's face, for a little time; but her prudence overcame. "No, she was but a servant, and had orders to harbour no person about the house but such as came on business, nor these either, unless she was well acquainted with them." "What the worse can you, or your master, or any one else be, of suffering me to tarry until morning?" "I entreat you do not insist for here you cannot be." "But, indeed, I am not able to carry my goods further to-night." "Then you must leave them, or get a horse to carry them away." "Of all the sweet inflexible beings that ever were made you certainly are the chief.—But I cannot blame you; your resolution is just and right. Well, well, since no better may be I must leave them and go search for lodgings myself, somewhere else, for fatigued as I am, it is as much as my life is worth to endeavor carrying them further." Alice was rather taken at her word, she wanted nothing to do with his goods; the man was displeased at her, and might accuse her of stealing some of them; but it was an alternative she had proposed, and against which she could start no plausible objection, so she consented, though with much reluctance.

"But the pack will be better out of your way," said he, "and safer, if you will be so kind as to lock it by in some room or closet." She then led him into a low parlour, where he placed it carefully on two chairs, and went his way, wishing Alice a good night.

When old Alice and the pack were left together in the large house by themselves, she

felt a kind of undefined terror come over her mind about it. "What can be in it," said she to herself, "that makes it so heavy?" Surely when the man carried it this length, he might have carried it farther too. It is a confounded queer pack; I'll go and look at it once again and see what I think is in it; and suppose I should handle it all round, I may then perhaps have a good guess of what is in it."

Alice went cautiously and fearfully into the parlor and opened a wall press—she wanted nothing in the press, indeed she never looked into it, for her eyes were fixed on the pack, and the longer she looked at it, she liked it the worse; and as to handling it, she would not have touched it for all that it contained. She came again into the kitchen and conversed with herself. She thought of the man's earnestness to leave it—of its monstrous shape, and every circumstance connected with it. They were all mysterious, and she was convinced in her own mind, that there was something *uncanny*, if not *unearthly* in the pack.

What surmises will not fear give rise to in the mind of a woman! she lighted a mould candle and went again into the parlour, closed the window shutters and barred them; but before she came out she set herself upright, held in her breath, and took another steady and scrutinizing look at the pack. God of mercy! she saw it moving, as visibly as she ever saw any thing in her life. Every hair on her head stood upright. Every inch of flesh on her body crept like a nest of ants. She hastened into the kitchen as fast as she could, for her knees bent under the terror that had overwhelmed the heart of poor Alice.—She puffed out the candle, lighted it again, and not being able to find a candlestick, though a dozen stood on the shelf in the kitchen, she set it in a water jug, and ran out to the barn for old Richard. "Oh Richard! Oh, for mercy, Richard, make haste, and come into the house." "Come away Richard." "Why, what is the matter, Alice? what is wrong?" "Oh Richard! a pedlar came into the hall entreating for lodging. Well, I would not let him stay on any account, and behold he is gone off and left his pack."—"And what is the great matter in that?" said Richard, "I will wager a penny he will look after it before it shall look after him." "But, oh Richard I tremble to tell you! We are all gone, for it is a living pack." "A living pack!" said Richard, staring at Alice, and letting his chop fall down—Richard had just lifted his flail over his head to begin threshing a sheaf; but when he heard of a living pack, he dropped one end of the hand-staff to the floor, and leaning on the other, took such a look at Alice. He knew long before that Alice was beautiful; he knew that ten years before, but he never took such a look at her in his life. "A living pack!" said Richard. "Why the woman is mad without all doubt." "Oh, Richard! come

away. Heaven knows what is in it! but I saw it moving as plainly as I see you at present.—Make haste and come away Richard." Richard did not stand to expostulate any longer, nor even to put on his coat, but followed Alice into the house, assuring her by the way, that it was nothing but a whim, and of a piece with many of her fantasies. "But," added he, "of all the foolish ideas that ever possessed your brain, this is the most unfeasible, unnatural and impossible. How can a pack made up of napkins, and corduroy breeches, perhaps, ever become alive? It is even worse than to suppose a horse's hair will become an eel." So saying, he lifted the candle out of the jug, and turning about, never stopped till he had his hand upon the pack. He felt the deals that surrounded its edges to prevent the goods being rumpled and spoiled by carrying, the cords that bound it, and the canvass in which it was wrapped. "The pack was well enough, he found nought about it that other packs wanted. It was just like other packs made up of the same stuff. He saw naught that ailed it.—And a good large pack it was. It would cost the honest man £200, if not more. It would cost him £300, or £350, if the goods were fine—But he would make it all up again by cheating fools like Alice, with his gewgaws." Alice manifested some little disappointment at seeing Richard unconvinced even by ocular proof. She wished she had never seen him or it, howsoever, for she was convinced there was something mysterious about it; that they were stolen goods or something that way; and she was terrified to stay in the house with it. But Richard assured her that the pack was a right enough pack.

During this conversation, in comes Edward. He was a lad about sixteen years of age, son of a coal-driver on the border—was possessed of a good deal of humour and ingenuity, but somewhat roguish, forward, and commonly very ragged in his apparel. He was about this time wholly intent on shooting the crows and birds of various kinds that alighted in flocks where he foddered the cattle. He had bought a huge old military gun which he denominated *Copenhagen*, and was continually thundering away at them.—He seldom killed any, if ever; but he once or twice knocked off a few feathers and after much narrow inspection, discovered some drops of blood on the snow. He was at this very moment come in a great haste for *Copenhagen*, having seen a glorious chance of sparrows, and a robin-red-breast among them, feeding on the side of a corn-rick, but hearing them talk of something mysterious, and a living pack, he pricked up his ears, and was all attention. "Faith Alice," said he "if you will let me, I'll shoot it." "Hold your peace you fool," said Richard. Edward took the candle from Richard, who still held it in his hand, and, gliding down the passage, edged up to the parlour door, and watched the pack attentively

for about two minutes. He then came back with a spring, and with looks very different from those which regulated his features as he went down.—As sure as he had death to meet with he saw it stirring. “Hold your peace, you fool,” said Richard. Edward swore again that he saw it stirring: but whether he really thought so, or only said so, is hard to determine. “Faith, Alice,” said he again, “if you will let me I’ll shoot it.”—“I tell you to hold your peace you fool,” said Richard. “No,” said Edward, “in the multitude of counsellors there is safety and I will maintain this to be our safest plan. Our master’s house is consigned to our care, and the wealth that it contains may tempt some people to use stratagems.—Now, if we open this man’s pack, he may pursue us for damages to any amount, but if I shoot it, what amends can he get from me? If there is any thing that should not be there, Lord how I will pepper it, and if it is lawful goods, he can only make me pay for the few that are damaged, which I will get at valuation; so if none of you will acquiesce, I will take all the blame upon myself, and wear a shot upon it.” Richard said, whatever was the consequence he would be blameless. A half-delirious smile rather distorted than beautified Alice’s pretty face, but Edward took it for an assent to what he had been advancing, so snatching up *Copenhagen* in one hand, and the candle in the other, he posted down the passage, and without hesitating one moment fired at the pack. Gracious Heaven! the blood gushed out upon the floor like a torrent, and a hideous roar, followed by the groans of death, issued from the pack. Edward dropped *Copenhagen* upon the ground, and ran into the kitchen like one distracted. The kitchen was darkish for he had left the candle in the parlour, so taking to the door without being able to utter a word, he ran to the hills like a wild roe, looking over each shoulder as fast as he could turn his head from the one side to the other. Alice followed as fast as she could, but lost half the way of Edward. She was all the way sighing and crying most pitifully. Old Richard stood for a short space rather in a state of petrification, but at length after some hasty ejaculations, he went into the parlour. The whole floor flowed with blood. The pack had thrown itself on the ground; but the groans and cries had ceased and only a guttural noise was heard from it. Knowing that something must be done, he ran after his companions, and called on them to come back. Though Edward had escaped a good way, and was still persevering on, yet as he never took long time to consider of the utility of any thing, but acted from immediate impulse, he turned and came as fast back as he had gone away. Alice also came homeward but more slowly, and crying even more bitterly than before. Edward overtook her and was holding on his course; but as he passed, she turned away her face, and called him a murder-

er. At the sound of this epithet, Edward made a pause, and looked at Alice with a face much longer than it used to be. He drew in his breath twice, as if going to speak, but he only swallowed a great mouthful of air, and held his peace.

They were soon all three in the parlour and in no little terror and agitation of mind unloosed the pack, the principal commodity of which was a stout young man, whom Edward had shot through the heart, and thus bereaved of existence in a few minutes. To paint the feelings or even the appearance of young Edward, during this scene, is impossible; he acted little, spoke less, and appeared in a hopeless stupor; the most of his employment consisted in gulping down mouthfuls of breath, wiping his eyes and staring at his associates.

It is most generally believed, that when Edward fired at the pack he had not the most distant idea of shooting a man; but seeing Alice so jealous of it, he thought the Colonel would approve of his intrepidity and protect him from being wronged by the pedlar; and besides he had never got a chance of a shot at such a large thing in his life, and was curious to see how many folds of the pedlar’s fine haberdashery ware *Copenhagen* would drive the drops through, so that when the stream of blood burst from the pack, accompanied with the dying groans of a human being, Edward was certainly taken by surprise, and quite confounded; he indeed asserted, as long as he lived, that he saw something stirring in the pack, but his eagerness to shoot, and his terror, at what he had done, which was no more than what he might have expected, had he been certain he saw the pack moving, makes this asseveration very doubtful.—They made all possible speed in extricating the corpse, intending to call medical assistance, but it was too late; the vital spark was gone forever. “Alas!” said old Richard, heaving a deep sigh, “poor man, ’tis all over with him, I wish he had liv’d a little longer to have repented of this, for he has surely died in a bad cause. Poor man! he was *somebody’s* son, and no doubt dear to them, and nobody can tell how small a crime this hath by a regular gradation become the fruits of.” Richard came twice across his eyes with the sleeve of his shirt, for he still wanted the coat; a thought of a tender nature shot through his heart. “Alas, if his parents are alive, how will their hearts bear this, poor creatures!” said Richard, weeping outright, “poor creatures God pity them!”

(Concluded in our next.)

THE TRAVELLER.

“He travels and expatiates as the bee
“From flower to flower, so he from land to land.”

Sketches of Paris.

The city of Paris is built principally of the lime stone, with which the soil is filled for many miles round it. This stone is very soft,

and is covered with mortar, which very soon assumes a grey or ashy color.—There is consequently a surprising appearance of uniformity in the buildings; and it is often difficult for a stranger to distinguish one street from another. The lower windows of every house are strongly grated with iron; and the lower rooms are seldom occupied for any thing except for the kitchen or the stable.—There is no such thing as a front door in any private building in Paris; most of them are built in the form of three sides of a square, the vacant side being towards the street.—This is supplied by a very high wall, through which you pass by a wide gate for carriages to the porter's lodge, which is an indispensable article to every house. Different families occupy different floors, in many cases. The premier is the best. A man with a family in Paris seldom thinks of owning a house, unless a nobleman or man of great fortune. He hires a suite of apartments on the same floor, or a whole house. Paris wants the neatness of our American cities surprisingly. No window blinds—no front doors—and nothing but a succession of grated windows and wide gates in the high walls towards the street, which connects the opposite wings—give their houses of rusty mortar a naked and sombre appearance.—Even in cases where the hotels of the nobility and men of wealth are of handsome architecture, it is only to be seen after entering the yard—the wall excluding it from the street. Were it not for the splendid public palaces here and there—gardens and boulevards—Paris would be rather a meagre looking city. But who, after viewing the colonnade of Louvre: the garden of the Thuilleries; the noble boulevards; the superb bridges; and the various public squares adorned with columns and statues commemorative of victories by past monarchs—who will not overlook many defects in the enthusiasm of so many objects of beauty and taste. The Seine passes directly through the middle of the city: thus dividing it into nearly two equal parts. The hospitals and public institutions, colleges, &c. are principally on the south side; and the fashion, gaiety and elegance of the city, in the neighbourhood of the court, upon the other. The river branches off so as to form a small island in the very centre of the city, called the isle of St. Louis. This island contains the oldest, filthiest and darkest, portion of the city; and went by the name of Lutetia Parisiorum, (or sink of the Parisii) when the capital of the Gauls was conquered by Cæsar. The ruins of the baths of the Roman Emperor Julian are standing; but the city contains no other memorials of the Roman dominion.—The church of Notre Dame, on this spot, is said to have been erected on the ruins of a temple of Iris; and that the sacrifices of the Druids, and other barbarous worshippers, were performed here, before the Christian era. In this church, the largest and most magnifi-

cent of Paris, Napoleon was married to the Austrian Princess, Maria Louisa, and crowned Emperor of France, and king of Italy, by the hands of the Pope.

MISCELLANEOUS.

"Variety we still pursue,
"In pleasure seek for something new."

Various Characters of a Tell-tale.

Leaky at bottom; if those chinks you stop,
In vain,—the secret will run o'er at top.

Ned Trusty is a tell-tale of a very singular kind. Having some sense of his duty, he hesitates a little at the breach of it. If he engages never to utter a syllable, he most punctually performs his promise; but then he has the knack of insinuating, by a nod and a shrug well-timed, or a seasonable leer, as much as others can convey in express terms. It is difficult, in short, to determine, whether he is more to be admired for his resolution in not mentioning, or his ingenuity in disclosing a secret. He is also excellent at a doubtful phrase, as Hamlet calls it, or ambiguous giving out; and his conversation consists chiefly of such broken inuendos, as—"Well, I know—or I could—and if I would—or, there be, and if there might," &c. Here he generally stops and leaves it to his hearers to draw proper inferences from these piece-meal premises. With due encouragement, however, he may be prevailed on to slip the padlock from his lips, and immediately overwhelms you with a torrent of secret history, which rushes forth with more violence for having been so long confined.

Meanwhile, though he never fails to transgress, is rather to be pitied than condemned. To trust him with a secret is to spoil his appetite, to break his rest, and to deprive him for a time of every earthly enjoyment. Like a man who travels with his whole fortune in his pocket, he is terrified if you approach him, and immediately suspects that you come with a felonious intention to rob him of his charge.—If he ventures abroad, it is to walk in some unfrequented place, where he is least in danger of an attack. At home he shuts himself up from his family, paces to and fro in his chamber, and has no relief but from muttering over to himself what he longs to publish to the world, and would gladly submit to the office of town-crier, for the liberty of proclaiming it in the market-place. At length, however, weary of his burden, and resolved to bear it no longer, he consigns it to the custody of the first friend he meets, and returns to his wife with a cheerful aspect, and wonderfully altered for the better.

Careless is perhaps, equally undesigning, though not equally excusable! Intrust him with an affair of the utmost importance, on the concealment of which your fortune and happiness depend: he hears you with a kind of half attention, whistles a favourite air, and ac-

companies it with the drumming of his fingers on the table. As soon as your narration is ended, or, perhaps in the middle of it, he asks your opinion of his sword-knot, damns his tailor for having dressed him in a snuff-coloured coat instead of pompadour, and leaves you in haste to attend an auction, where, as if he meant to dispose of his intelligence to the best bidder, he divulges it with a voice as loud as the auctioneer's; and when you tax him with having played you false, he is heartily sorry for it, but never knew that it was to be a secret.

To these one might add the character of the open and unreserved, who thinks it a breach of friendship to conceal any thing from his intimates: and the impertinent, who having, by dint of observation, made himself master of your secret, imagines he may lawfully publish the knowledge it cost him so much labour to obtain, and considers that privilege as the reward due to his industry. But we shall leave these and many other characters, which our reader's own experience may suggest to him, and conclude with prescribing, as a short remedy for this evil. That no one may betray the counsel of his friends, let every man keep his own.

Flattery.

Not long since in a great party where several of the young ladies were displaying their musical talents, by the performance of various duetts, rhondos, marches, &c. on the piano, I was requested to play. Just then I was engaged in an agreeable conversation with a friend, whom I had not seen for a long time, and I did not feel at all in the musical mood, besides the tune I was desired to play, was by no means a favorite; in short, every thing concurred to make me play most miserably. It would have fretted Mozart or Handel into a frenzy to have heard me. It is unnecessary to say I was extremely mortified, but my surprise much exceeded my mortification upon hearing the extravagant encomiums bestowed by the gentleman at whose desire I played. He was almost a stranger to me, but I immediately drew the conclusion, that he was either a fool or thought me one, and as I had no reason from the former part of his behaviour to suppose him void of sense, I was not at all pleased with his affected admiration of my performance, and therefore said in not a very pleasant tone, "you certainly cannot think as you say;" but he still persisted in his commendation, apparently with so much sincerity, that, though he could not flatter me into the belief that I played the tune accurately, I was so credulous as to believe he thought so. However, I was not long deceived, for a few moments after, as I was standing behind him so as not to be visible to him, I heard him say to a gentleman near, "How she murdered that tune! it really made my ears ache." "What made you praise it so much then?" inquired a very interesting

little boy who was sitting on his knee. "You must always flatter ladies, you know," was his reply. "No, I don't know any such thing, and I will ask papa about it," said he, and away he was going to ask his father. It was not without great difficulty that he was prevented by the gentleman, who appeared to be much terrified to think that his practice of always flattering ladies was going to be exposed. I was so wicked as to enjoy his confusion, which was much increased upon hearing a laugh that I was no longer able to restrain. He looked as if he wished himself in the crater of Mount Vesuvius, or any other place where he might never again be seen.—

Now in the name of common sense I desire to know what is the reason that gentlemen think, whenever they are in the company of ladies, they must talk nothing but flattery and nonsense? Do they suppose it will render the society more pleasing, or is it because such trifling is agreeable to themselves? I suspect the latter is more frequently the cause than is generally conceived.—But enough of flattery for the present, for it is in no way very gratifying to
ANN.

Beautiful Chemical Experiment.

The following beautiful chemical experiment may easily be performed by a lady, to the great astonishment of the circle of her tea party. Take two or three blades of red cabbage; cut or tear them into small bits, put them into a basin, and pour a pint of boiling water on them: let it stand an hour, then decant the liquid into a crystal bottle; it will be of a fine blue colour.—Then take four wine glasses: into one put two or three drops of sulphuric acid, or five or six drops of strong vinegar, into another put five or six drops of a solution of soda, into a third as much of a strong solution of alum, and let the fourth glass remain empty. The glasses may be prepared some time before. Fill up the glasses from the crystal bottle, and the liquid poured into the glass containing the acid will quickly change colour, and become a beautiful red, that in the glass containing the soda a fine green, and that in the glass containing the alum a fine purple, whilst that poured into the empty one will of course, remain unchanged. By adding a little vinegar to the green, it will immediately change to a red, and on adding a little of the solution of soda to the red, it will assume a fine green; thus showing the action of acids and alkalis on vegetable blues.

Sir Joshua Reynolds.—This distinguished painter having heard of a young artist who had become embarrassed by an injudicious matrimonial connexion, and was on the point of being arrested, immediately hurried to his residence, to inquire into the truth of it. The unfortunate man told him the melancholy particulars of his situation; adding that forty

pounds would enable him to compound with his creditors. After some further conversation, Sir Joshua took his leave, telling the distressed painter he would do something for him; and when he was bidding him adieu at the door, he took him by the hand; and after squeezing it in a friendly manner, hurried off with that kind of triumph in his heart, which the exalted of human kind alone can experience, while the astonished artist found that he had left in his hand a bank note for one hundred pounds.

A Dangerous Question.—A simple ostler being one day at confession with his priest, was asked by the father "if he had never greased the teeth of of the guests' horses, to prevent their eating their hay and oats?" "Never" replied the ostler. In a subsequent confession, the ostler acknowledged the frequent commission of that fraud. "How," said the priest! "I remember at your last confession you said that you had never done so?"—"No more had I then," answered the ostler, "for till you told me, I never knew that greasing a horse's teeth would prevent his eating; but since you first put it in my mind, I have ever been tempted to practice that fraud."

St. Francis.—A Cordelier, preaching on the merits of St. Francis, exalted him in his discourse, above all other saints in the calender. After exaggerating his merits, he exclaimed,—"Where shall we place the seraphic father, St. Francis? He is greater in dignity than all our saints. Shall we place him among the prophets? Oh! he is greater than the prophets. Shall we place him with the patriarchs? Oh! he is greater than the patriarchs." In like manner he exalted him above the angels, archangels, cherubim, seraphim, virtues, thrones dominions and powers: and still he exclaimed, "Where then shall we place this holy saint?" A sailor in the church, tired of the discourse, stood up and said, "If you really don't know where to place him, you may put him in my seat, for I am going."

Professional Dignity.—Two chimney sweepers' boys were playing at marbles under the piazzas in Covent Garden, when Garrick and Foote happened to pass by together. One of the boys exclaimed to the other, "I say, Jack, lookee, lookee! Playermen, playermen!" "Hold your tongue," cried the other, "you don't know what you may come to yourself before you die."

Matrimony.—One of the Philadelphia editors has been at the trouble and expense of embellishing the hymeneal department of his paper with the cut of a *mouse trap*; and lest the reader should be at a loss to "smell his device," he has surmounted it with the adage, "marriage is like a mouse trap, easy to get in but hard to escape." The trap is represented to

be full of prisoners, dissatisfied with their *locus in quo*; and, like Yorick's starling, they are trying to "get out," but "can't."

SUMMARY.

The admirers of Sir Walter Scott will learn, with pleasure, that another romance from his pen is shortly to appear. It is to be entitled "*St. Valentine's Day, or the fair Maid of Perth*," in three volumes; and will form the second series of *Chronicles of the Canongate*.

A History of Nova Scotia, is about to be published. It is from the pen of Thomas Halliburton, Esq. of Halifax, will compose two volumes of 300 pages, and is said, by the editor of the *Novascotian*, to be a creditable production.

The Worcester Talisman.—Messrs. Dorr & Howland of Worcester, Mass. propose publishing under the above title, a semi-monthly miscellany of eight pages octavo, at \$1 per annum.

Romance of History.—A valuable work about to be published in New-York. It consists of a series of tales one for the reign of every English monarch, from William the Conqueror to Charles the First, inclusive; each founded upon some legend, tradition or historical fact, illustrative of the manners, customs, &c. of the different periods. Some of these tales are uncommonly interesting, and well calculated to rivet the attention and awaken the sympathy of those who peruse them. An extract from one of them, will be found on the first page of our present Number.

Mrs. E. Jones of Providence, has issued Proposals for publishing in that town by subscription a small volume of poems. Judging from the few of this lady's poetical productions, which, over the sig. "Eliza" we have from time to time had the pleasure of perusing in the columns of the *Chris. Telescope*; we presume the work will be highly interesting to the lovers of poetry, and worthy of extensive patronage; which we are the more desirous it should obtain, from our knowledge that those who may feel themselves disposed to patronize the undertaking of Mrs. Jones by subscribing for her book, will enjoy the double gratification of a pleasant literary treat and of contributing their mite towards the relief of a meritorious individual—To use her own appropriate language, "The author, encouraged by the promises of partial friends, ventures her little barque upon the world, and fondly hopes for favorable breezes, and a prosperous voyage—Urged by pecuniary circumstances rather than a thirst for fame, she is induced to attempt the proposed publication, and respectfully solicits the aid and support of an indulgent community."—[Subscriptions received at this office.

TO CORRESPONDENTS.

We owe an apology to our friend Matilda for our seeming neglect of the "*Indian Eclogue*" of her young friend. We can only say it was accidentally mislaid and forgotten, and hope to be forgiven for our carelessness; but would at the same time suggest that short pieces are best adapted to the limited space allotted to our poetical department.

The communication of Clara is received and will probably appear in our next No.

What has become of our old correspondents, Henry and P.?—We should like to hear from them again.

MARRIED,

In this city, on the 16th inst. by the Rev. Mr. King, Mr. Henry Gardner to Miss Hannah Happy.

On Sunday evening last, by the Rev. Mr. King, Capt. Isaac T. Griffen to Miss Jane Hardick.

On the 14th inst. by the Rev. E. Holmes, Mr. John P. Minkler to Miss Mary Ann Conner, both of Livingston.

DIED,

In Ghent, on the 14th inst. Mrs. Hepzibeth Coffin, consort of Zephaniah Coffin, in the 73th year of her age.



POETRY.

FOR THE RURAL REPOSITORY.
AN INDIAN ECLOGUE.

Addressed to Miss B—.

Where Mohawk's silver stream meandering flows,
And lofty elms upon its border grows;
Where from the banks wide flowery plains extend,
And bending skies on verdant hills descend;
An Indian swain with love and grief oppress'd
Breath'd forth the dictates of his troubled breast—
His bow unstrung was somewhere careless laid,
As o'er the plain in pensive mood he stray'd—
His savage mind was all to softness turn'd;
For artless love his youthful bosom burn'd:
So soft he mourn'd all nature seem'd to sigh,
And pitying tears dropt from the weeping sky.
Madam, behold what artless natures feel,
See what a softness love creates on steel!
And may his woes your untouch'd bosom move,
If not to heal, to pity those who love.—

"In vain! ye lofty elms your branches spread—
In vain! for ease I seek, your cooling shade,—
While on my heart a life-consuming fire
Unceasing burns and never will expire.
Not all the waters of yon silver stream,
Can quench the torrent of this raging flame;
Not silver stream, nor elm, nor shady grove
Can cool the breast burn'd with impetuous love.
Where'er I stray to ease my troubled mind,
Something that feeds my sorrows still I find,
If thro' the fields I rove, each blushing rose,
Smiling declares, it for Onoida grows;
If thro' the woods I chase the flying game,
On every bark I find her lovely name;
If by some crystal spring I seek retreat,
And on the grassy border take my seat;
With sighs I view my youthful charms decay'd,
Till dropping tears blot out the pining shade.
Once ev'ry charm, and ev'ry manly grace,
Adorn'd my limbs, and play'd o'er all my face;
But since Onoida met these wretched eyes,
I've wept my strength away in fruitless sighs,
Once every plant and healing herb that grew,
Throughout our plain their use and name I knew;
But now alas! in vain is all my art,
For naught but love can cure a lovesick heart.
Let others gain in war a deathless name,
And teach their sons to emulate their fame,
But let me call Onoida only mine,
And all that war can give I quick resign.
Let others range the lawn and desert rare,
Outstrip the deer and kill the giant bear,
But sports like these can charm my soul no more,
Onoida only can my heart adore.

"Oh come my fair, behold this flow'ry plain,
This you must love, tho' you despise the swain;
Here if you walk, cool gales shall fan the glade,
And friendly elms, crowd round and lend their shade.
Fair flowers shall spring o'er all the ground you tread,
While the sweet blackbird sings above your head.
Oh come! Oh come! and bless me with your charms—
Oh come! and give your graces to my arms,
Along this stream we'll pass each smiling hour,
In pleasant walk, or in some humble bower,
While o'er the joyful plain, our God displays
His nearer presence and his warmer rays,

But when with milder beams he greets the plain,
And this fair stream is swell'd with floods of rain,
I'll kiss thy hand and to the distant wood,
Repair with joy, to seek our winter's food:
When, if my trap should take the sable bear,
His glossy skin shall deck my lovely fair.
Thus wrapt in bliss, we'll pass whole years away,
For not e'en time such pleasures can allay,
And when enfeebled age, or earlier death,
In some kind hour demand our mortal breath;
Then in some happy isle, or flow'ry plain,
Where all are friends, and joys forever reign—
Where free from chains the weary slave may rest,
No demons haunt, or painful fears molest—
Where no mad torrents, or descending rain,
With earthly particles, their streams distain;
Nor the sweet blackbird fails his charming notes,
But thro' the air eternal music floats;
Here we will live, and undisturbed employ
A long eternity in love and joy:
The happiest of the plain, sure I shall be,
Completely so, adorn'd and bless'd by thee.—

"But Oh! 'tis false, 'tis wild delusion all,
My fair one frowns, and I am doom'd to fall,—
Oh! would she once but listen to my love,
Sure my warm passion must her bosom move.
But as in vain the dove for pity cries,
When the fierce hawk pursues her thro' the skies;
So all my moans and sighs are lost in air,
No hope is left, but all's complete despair.
I'll go, I'll haste to yonder mountain's brow,
And from the cliff, my wasted form I'll throw;
Or where this stream with livid vapour smokes,
And headlong, dreadful, thunders down the rocks—
One leap from thence, shall ease my troubled breast—
Farewell to all—but be Onoida blest!"

ENIGMAS.

"And justly the wise man thus preached to us all,
"Despise not the value of things that are small."

Answer to the PUZZLES in our last.

PUZZLE I.—Candle.

PUZZLE II.—One, three, nine, twenty-seven.

NEW PUZZLES.

I.

You who arithmetic do understand,
And answer can, to its most stern command;
Fifty set down, it matters much what way,
Then nothing to it add without delay:
To nothing five, which place at the right hand,
That in one perfect line they all may stand;
Then each into four equal parts divide,
And place the first fourth by the others' side;
And this will prove, well work'd and rightly done,
What oft has tempted men great risks to run.

II.

What feature in the face by adding one letter will
make an empire?

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